

# New York Saturday Evening Post

## A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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TERMS IN ADVANCE.

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## Victoria; or, The Heiress of Castle Cliffe.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
Author of "The Dark Secret; or, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall," "An Awful Mystery; or, Sybil Campbell, the Queen of the Isle," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE THEATER.

The theater was crowded. The pit, reeking and steaming, was one swaying sea of human faces. The galleries were vivid semi-circles of eyes, blue, black, brown and gray; and the boxes and the upper tiers were rapidly filling, for was not this the benefit-night of Mademoiselle Vivia? and had not all the theater-going world of London been half mad about Mademoiselle Vivia ever since her first appearance on the boards of the — theater? Posters and playbills announced it her benefit. Madam Rumor announced it her last appearance on any stage. There were wonderful tales going about this same Vivia, the actress. Her beauty was an undisputed fact by all; so was her marvelous talent in her profession; and her *hic virtus* was a household word. Every one in the house probably knew what was to be known of her history—how the manager of the house stumbled upon her accidentally in an obscure, third-rate Parisian playhouse; how, struck by her beauty and talent, he had taken her away, had her instructed for two years, and how, at the end of that time, three months previous to this particular night, she had made her *debut*, and taken the good people of London by storm. Gouty old dukes and apoplectic earls had knelt in dozens at her feet, with offers of magnificent settlements, superb diamonds, no end of blank checks, carriages and horses, and a splendid establishment, and been spurned for their pains. Mademoiselle Vivia had won, during her professional career, something more than admiration and love—the respect of all, young and old. And yet that same gossiping lady, Madam Rumor, whispered low, that the actress had managed to lose her heart after all. Madam Rumor softly insinuated, that a young nobleman, marvelously beautiful to look upon, and marvelously rich to back it, had laid his heart, hand and name most honorably and romantically at her fair feet; but people took the whisper for what it was worth, and were a little dubious about believing it implicitly. No one was certain of anything; and yet the knowing ones raised their glasses with a peculiar smile to ascertain the stage-box occupied by three young men, and with an inward conviction that the secret lay there. One of the three gentlemen sitting in it—a large, well-made, good-looking personage of thirty or so—was sweeping the house himself, lorgnette in hand, bowing, and smiling, and criticizing. "And there comes that old er, the Marquis of Devon, rouged to the eyes; and that stiff antediluvian on his arm, all pearl-powder and pearls, false ringlets and more rouge, is his sister. There goes that oily little cheat, Sylvester Sweet, among the swells, as large as life; and there's Miss Blanche Chester with her father. Pretty little thing, isn't she, Lisle?" The person thus addressed—a very tall, very thin, very pale and very insipid-looking young person, most stylishly got up, regardless of expense, leaned forward, and stared out of a pair of very dull and very expressionless gray eyes, at an exceedingly pretty and graceful girl. "Aw, yes! Very pretty indeed!" he hissed, with a languid drawl; "and has more money, they say, than she knows what to do with. Splendid catch, eh? But look there. Who are those? By Jove! what a handsome woman!"

The attention of Lord Lisle—for the owner of the dull eyes and lantern jaws was that distinguished gentleman—had been drawn to a party who had just entered the box opposite. They were two ladies, three gentlemen, and a little child, and Sir Roland Cliffe. The first speaker leaning over to see, opened his eyes very wide, with a low whistle of astonishment.

"Such a lovely face! Such a noble head! Such a grand air!" raved young Lord Lisle, whose heart was as inflammable as a Lucifer-match, and caught fire as easily.

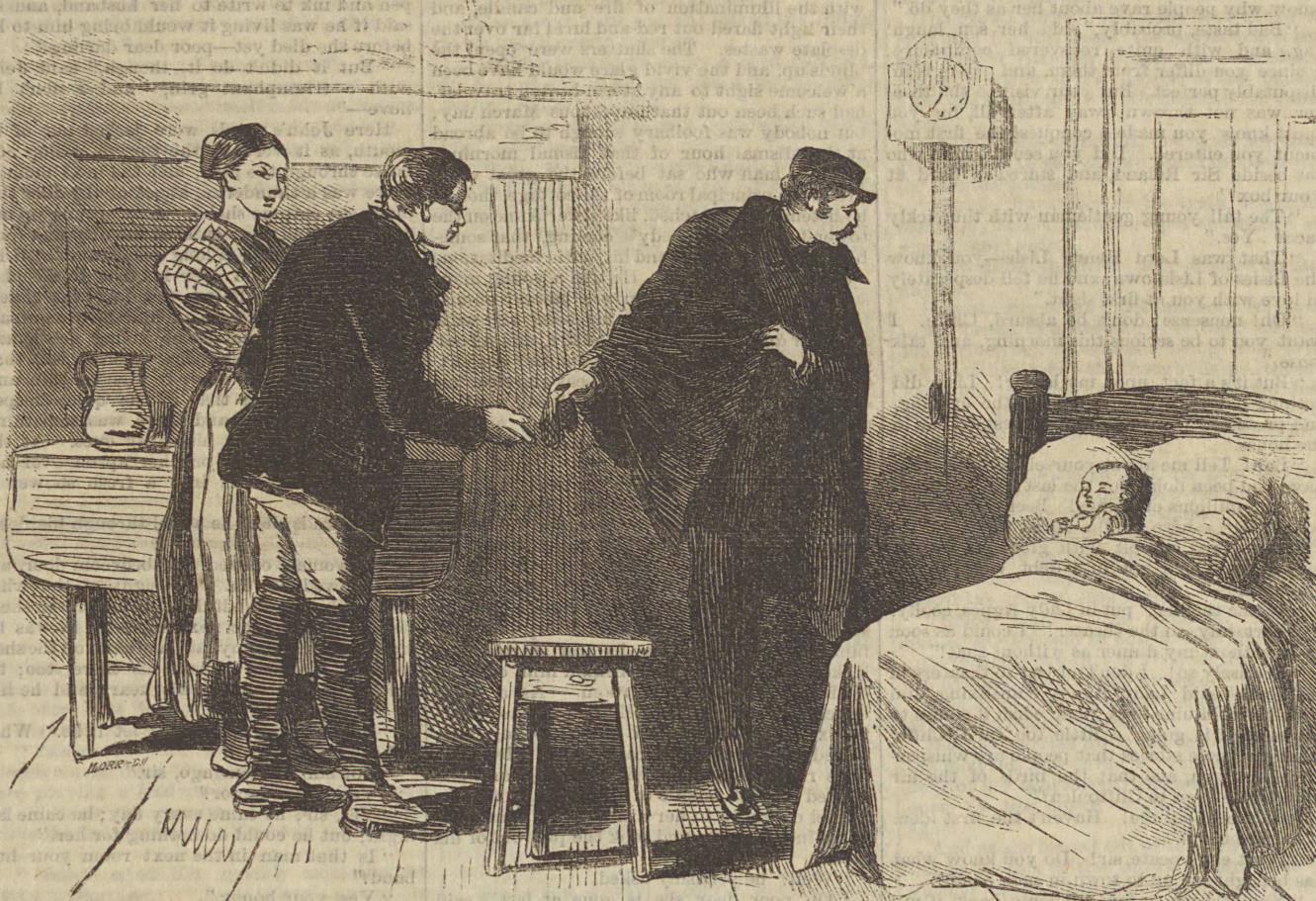
Sir Roland raised his shoulders and eyebrows together, and stroked his flowing beard.

"Which one?" he coolly asked. "Belle blonde, or *jolie blonde*?"

"The lady in pink satin and diamonds! Such splendid eyes! Such a manner! Such grace! She might be a princess!"

Hearing this, the third occupant of the box leaned forward also, from the lazy, recumbent position he had hitherto indulged in, and glanced across the way. He looked the younger of the two—slender and boyish—and evidently not more than nineteen or twenty, wearing the undress uniform of a lieutenant of dragoons, which set off his eminently handsome face and figure to the best possible advantage. He, too, opened his large blue Saxon eyes slightly, as they rested on the objects of Lord Lisle's raptures, and exchanged a smile with Sir Roland Cliffe.

The lady thus unconsciously apostrophized and stared at was lying back in her chair, and



He dropped a purse heavy with guineas into John's willing palm, then going over looked at the sleeping infant.

smile came over the Dutch face as she bowed to one of the gentlemen—Sir Roland Cliffe.

"How grandly she sits!—how beautiful she is!" broke out Lord Lisle, in a fresh ecstasy.

"Who in the world is she, Sir Roland?"

"You had better ask my beloved nephew here," said Sir Roland, with a careless motion toward the young officer, "and ask him at the same time how he would like you for a step-*mother*."

Lord Lisle stared from one to the other, and then at the fair lady aghast.

"Why—how—you don't mean to say that it is Lady Agnes Shirley?"

"But I do, though! Is it possible, Lisle, that you, a native of Sussex yourself, have never seen my sister?"

"I never have!" exclaimed Lord Lisle, with a look of hopeless amazement; "and that is really your mother, Shirley?"

The lieutenant of dragoons, who was sitting in such a position that the curtain screened him completely from the audience, while it commanded a full view of the stage, nodded with a half laugh, and Lord Lisle's astonished bewilderment was a sight to see.

"But she is so young; she does not look over twenty."

"She is eight years older than I, and I am verging on thirty," said Sir Roland, taking out a penknife and beginning to pare his nails; "but those blondes never grow old. What do you think of the black beauty beside her?"

"She is fat!" said Lord Lisle, with gravity.

"My dear fellow, don't apply that term to a lady; say plump, or inclined to *embonpoint*! She is rather of the Dutch make, I confess; but we can pardon that in a widow, and you must own she's a splendid specimen of the Low Country, Flemish style of loveliness. Paul Rubens, for instance, would have gone mad about her; perhaps you have never noticed, though, as you do not much affect the fine arts, that all his Madonnas and Venuses have the same plentiful supply of blood, and brawn, and muscle, that our fair relative yonder rejoices in."

"She is your relative, then?"

"Leicester Cliffe, rest his soul! was my cousin. That is her son and heir, that little shave beside her—fine little fellow, isn't he? and a Cliffe, every inch of him. What are you thinking of, Cliffe?"

"Were you speaking to me?" said the lieutenant, looking up abstractedly.

"Yes. I want to know what makes you so insufferably stupid to-night? What are you thinking of, man—Vivia?"

The remark might be nearer the truth than the speaker thought, for a slight flush rose to the girl-like cheek of Lieutenant Cliffe Shirley.

"Nonsense! I was half asleep, I believe. I wish the curtain was up, and the play well over."

"I have heard that this is Vivia's last night," remarked Lord Lisle; "and that she is about to be married, or something of that sort. How is it, Sir Roland? as you know everything you must know."

"I don't know that, at all events; but he is a lucky man, whoever gets her. Ah! what a pretty little thing it is! By Jove! I never saw her without feeling inclined to go on my knees, and say— Ah! Sweet! old fellow, how are you?"

This last passage in the noble baronet's dialogue was not what he would say to Mlle. Vivia, but was addressed to a gentleman who had forced his way, with some difficulty, through the crowd, and now stood at the door. He was not a handsome man, was Mr. Sweet, but he had the most smiling and beaming expression of countenance imaginable. He was of medium size, inclined to be angular and sharp at the joints, with a complexion so yellow as to induce the belief that he was suffering from chronic, and continual jaundice. His hair, what was of it, was much the color of his face, but he had nothing in that line worth speaking of; his eyes were small and twinkling, and generally half closed; and he displayed like the blooming relic of the late lamented Leicester Cliffe, the sweetest and most ceaseless of smiles. His waistcoat was of a bright canary tint, much the color of his face and hair; lemon-colored gloves were on his hands; and the yellow necktie stood out in bold relief against the whitest and glossiest of large gold collars. He wore large gold studs, and a large gold breast-pin, a large gold watch-chain, with an anchor, and a heart, and a bunch of seals, and a select assortment of similar small articles of jewelry dangling from it, and keeping up a musical tinkle as he walked. He had small gold ear-rings in his ears, and would have had them in his nose, too, doubtless, if any one had been good enough to set him a precedent. As it was, he was so bright, and so smiling, and so glistening, with his yellow hair, and face, and waistcoat, and necktie, and jewelry, that he fairly scintillated all over, and would have made you wink to look at him by gaslight.

"Hallo, Sweet! How do, Sweet? Come in, Sweet," greeted this smiling vision from the three young men. And Mr. Sweet, beaming all over with smiles, and jingling his seals, did come in, and took a seat between the handsome young lieutenant and his uncle, Sir Roland.

The orchestra was crashing out a tremendous overture, but at this moment a bell tinkled, and when it ceased, the curtain shivered up to the ceiling, and disclosed "Henry VIII," a very stout gentleman, in flesh-colored tights, scarlet

velvet doublet, profusely ornamented with tinsel and gold lace, wearing a superb crown of pasteboard and gilt paper on his royal head. Catherine, of Arragon, was there, too, very grand, in a long trailing dress of purple cotton and velvet, and blazing all over with brilliants of the purest glass, kneeling before her royal husband, amidst a brilliant assembly of gentlemen in tights and mustaches, and ladies in very long dresses and paste jewels, in the act of receiving a similar pasteboard crown from the fat hands of the king himself. The play was the "Royal Blue Beard," a sort of half musical, half-danceable burlesque, and though the audience laughed a good deal, and applauded a little over the first act, their enthusiasm did not quite bring the roof down; for Vivia was not there. Her role was "Anne Boleyn," and when in the second act, that beautiful and most unfortunate lady appeared among the maids of honor, "which meaneth," says an ancient writer, "anything but honorable maids," to win the fickle-hearted monarch by her smiles, a cheer greeted her that made the house ring. She was their pet, their favorite; and standing among her painted companions, all tinsel and spangled, she looked queen-rose and star over all. Petty and fairy-like in figure, a clear, colorless complexion, lips vividly red, eyes jetty black, and bright as stars, shining black hair, falling in a profusion of curls and waves far below her waist, and with a smile like an angel. She was dressed all in white, with flowers in her hair and on her breast; and when she came floating across the stage in her white, mist-like robes, her pure pale face, uplifted dark eyes, and wavy hair, crowned with water-lilies, she looked more like a fairy by moonlight than a mere creature of flesh and blood. What a shout it was that greeted her! how gentle and sweet was the smile that answered it! and how celestial she looked with that smile on her lips! Sir Roland leaned over with flashing eyes.

"It is a fairy! it is Titania! It is Venus herself!" he cried, enraptured. "I never saw her look so beautiful before in my life."

Lord Lisle stared at him in his dull, vacant way; and Mr. Sweet smiled, and stole a sidelong glance at the lieutenant, which nonchalant young warrior lounged easily back on his seat, and watched the silver-shining vision with philosophical composure.

The play went on. The lovely Anne wins the slightly-fickle king with her "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," and triumphs over the unfortunate lady in the purple train. Then comes her own brief and dazzling term of glory; then blue-eyed Jane Seymour conquers the conqueror, and Mistress Anne is condemned to die. Throughout the whole thing Vivia was superb. Vivia always was; but in the last scene of all she surpassed herself. From the moment when she told the executioner, with a gay laugh, that she heard he was expert, and she had but a small neck, to the moment she was led forth to die, she held the audience spellbound. When the curtain rose in the last scene, the stage was hung in black, the lights burned dim, the music waxed faint and low, and dressed in deepest mourning, and looking by contrast deadly pale, she laid her beautiful head on the block. At the sound of the falling ax, as the curtain fell, a thrill ran through every heart; and the four gentlemen in the stage-box bent over and gazed with their hearts—such as they were—in their eyes. A moment of profoundest silence was followed by so wild a tempest of applause that the domed roof rang, and "Vivia! Vivia!" shouted a storm of voices enthusiastically. Once again she came before them, pale and beautiful in her black robes and flowing hair, and bowed her acknowledgments with the same lovely smile that had won all their hearts long before. A small avalanche of bouquets and wreaths came fluttering down on the stage, and three of the occupants of the stage-box flung their offerings too. A wreath of white roses clasped by a great pearl, from Sir Roland; a bouquet of splendid hot-house exotics from Lord Lisle; and a cluster of jasmine flowers from Lieutenant Shirley, which he took from his buttonhole for the purpose. Mr. Sweet had nothing to cast but his eyes; and casting those optics on the actress, he saw her turn her beautiful face for one instant toward their box; the next, lift the jasmine flowers and raise them to her lips; and the next—vanish.

"She took your flowers, Shirley—she actually did," cried Lord Lisle, with one of his blank stares; "and left mine, that were a thousand times prettier, just where they fell!"

"Very extraordinary," remarked Mr. Sweet, after one of his bright smiles and sidelong glances. "But what do all the good folks mean by leaving? I thought there was to be a farce, or ballet, or something."

"So there is; but as they won't see Vivia, they don't care for staying. And I think the best thing we can do is to follow their example."

What do you say to coming along with us, Sweet? We are going to have a small supper at my rooms this evening."

Mr. Sweet, with many smiles, made his acknowledgments, and accepted at once; and rising, the four passed out, and were borne along by the crowd into the open air. Sir Roland's night-cab was in waiting, and being joined by three or four other young men, they were soon dashing at breakneck speed toward a West-End hotel.

No man in all London ever gave such *petite soupers* as Sir Roland Cliffe, and no one ever thought of declining his invitations. On the present occasion, the hilarity waxed fast and furious. The supper was a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, the claret deliciously cool after the hot theater; the sherry, like liquid gold, and the port, fifty years old, at least. All showed their appreciation of it, too, by draining bumper after bumper, until the lights of the room, and everything in it, were dancing hornpipes before their eyes—all but Mr. Sweet and Lieutenant Shirley. Mr. Sweet drank sparingly, and had a smile and an answer for everybody; and the lieutenant scarcely ate or drank at all, and was abstracted and silent.

"Do look at Shirley!" hiccupped Lord Lisle, whose eyes were starting fishily out of his head, and whose hair and shirt-front were splashed with wine; "he looks as sol—yes—as solemn as a coffin!"

"Hallo, Cliffe, my boy! don't be the death's head at the feast!" shouted Sir Roland, with a flushed face, waving his glass over his head—"here, lads, is a bumper to Vivian!"

"Vivian!" "Vivian!" ran from lip to lip. Even Mr. Sweet rose to honor the toast; but Lieutenant Shirley, with wrinkled brows and flashing eyes, sat still, and glanced round at the servant who stood at his elbow with a salver and a letter thereon.

"Note for you, lieutenant," insinuated the waiter. "A little boy brought it here. Said there was no answer expected, and left."

"I say, Cliffe, what have you there? A dun!" shouted impetuous Sir Roland.

"With your permission I will see," rather coolly responded the young officer, breaking the seal.

Mr. Sweet, sitting opposite, kept his eyes intently fixed on his face, and saw it first flush scarlet, and then turn deathly white.

"That's no dun, I'll swear," again lisped Lord Lisle. "Look at the writing! A fairy could scarcely trace anything so light. And look at the paper—pink-tinted and gilt-edged. The fellow has got a *billet-doux*!"

"Who is she, Shirley?" called half a dozen voices.

But Lieutenant Shirley crumpled the note in his hand, and rose abruptly from the table.

"Gentlemen—Sir Roland—you will have the goodness to excuse me! I regret extremely being obliged to leave you. Good-night!"

He had strode to the door, opened it, and disappeared before any of the company had recovered their maudlin senses sufficiently to call him back. Mr. Sweet always had his senses about him; but that shining gentleman was wise in his generation, and he knew when Lieutenant Shirley's cheek paled, and brow knitted, and eye flashed, he was not exactly the person to be trifled with; so he only looked after him, and then at his wine, with a thoughtful smile. He would have given all the spare change he had about him to have donned an invisible cap, and walked after him through the silent streets, dimly lit by the raw coming morning, and to have jumped after him into the cab Lieutenant Shirley hailed and entered. On he flew through the still streets, stopping at last before a quiet hotel in a retired part of the city. A muffled figure—a female figure—wrapped in long cloak, and closely veiled, stood near the ladies' entrance, shivering under her wrappings in the chill morning blast. In one instant, Lieutenant Shirley had sprung out; in another, he had assisted her in, and taken the reins himself; and the next, he was riding away with breakneck speed, with his face to the rising sun.

## CHAPTER II.

### MOTHER AND SON.

A BROAD morning sunbeam, stealing in through satin curtains, fell on Brussels carpet, on rosewood furniture, pretty pictures, easy-chairs and ottomans, and on a round table, bright with damask, and silver, and china, standing in the middle of the handsome parlor. The table was set for breakfast, and the coffee, and the rolls, and the toast, and the cold tongue, were ready and waiting; but no one was in the room, save a spruce waiter, in a white jacket and apron, who arranged the eggs, and tongue, and toast artistically, and set up two chairs *vis-à-vis*, previous to taking his departure. As he turned to go, the door opened, and a lady entered—a lady tall and graceful, proud and handsome, with her fair hair combed back from her high-bred face, and adorned with the prettiest little trifle of a morning-cap, all black lace and ribbons. She wore a white cashmere morning-dress, with a little lace collar and a ruby brooch, and Lady Agnes Shirley managed to look in this simple toilet as stately and haughty as a dowager-duchess. Her large light-blue eyes wandered round the room, and rested on the obsequious young gentleman in the white jacket and apron.

"Has my son not arrived, yet?" she said, in a voice that precisely suited her face—sweet, and cold, and clear.

"No, my lady; shall I—"

"You will go down-stairs; and when he comes, you will ask him to step up here directly."

There was a quick, decided rap at the door. Agnes turned from the window, to which she had walked, as the waiter opened it, and admitted Lieutenant Cliffe Shirley.

"My dearest mother!"

"My dear boy!" And the proud, cold eyes lit up with loving pride as he kissed her. "I thought I was never destined to see you again."

"Let me see. It is just two months since I left Cliftonlea—a frightful length of time, truly."

"My dear Cliffe, those two months were like two years to me!"

Lieutenant Cliffe, standing hat in hand, with the morning sunshine falling on his laughing face, made her a courtly bow.

"Ten thousand thanks for the compliment, mother mine. And was it to hint up your scapereace son that you journeyed all the way to London?"

"Yes!" She said it so gravely that the smile died away on his lips, as she moved in her graceful way across to the table. "Have you had breakfast? But of course you have not; so sit down there, and I will pour out your coffee as if you were at home."

The young man sat down opposite her, took his napkin from its ring, and spread it with most delicate precision on his knees. There was a resemblance between mother and son, though by no means a striking one. They had the same blonde hair, large blue eyes, and fair complexion—the same physical Saxon type;

for the boast of the Clifffes was, that not one drop of Celtic or Norman blood ran in their veins—it was a pure, unadulterated Saxon stream, to be traced back to days long before the Conqueror entered England. But Lady Agnes' haughty pride and grand manner were entirely wanting in the laughing eyes and gay smile of her only son and heir, Cliffe.

"When did you come?" he asked, as he took his cup from her ladyship's hand.

"Yesterday—did not my note tell you?"

"True! I forgot. How long do you remain?"

Lady Agnes buttered her roll with a grave face.

"That depends!" she quietly said.

"On what?"

"On you, my dear boy."

"Oh! in that case," said the lieutenant, with his bright smile, "you will certainly remain until the end of the London season. Does Charlotte return the same time you do?"

"Who told you Charlotte was here at all?" said Lady Agnes, looking at him intently.

"I saw her with you last night at the theater, and little Leicester, too!"

"Were you in the box with Sir Roland and the other two gentlemen, last night?"

"Yes. Don't look so shocked, my dear mother! How was I to get through all that crowd to your box? and besides, I was engaged to Sir Roland for a supper at his rooms; we left before the ballet. By the way, I wonder you were not too much fatigued with your journey, both of you, to think of the theater."

"I was fatigued," said Lady Agnes, as she slowly stirred her coffee with one pale white hand, and gazed intently at her son; "but I was too slow to see that actress—what do you call her? Vivian, or something of that sort, is it not?"

"Mademoiselle Vivian is her name," said the young man, blushing suddenly, probably because at that moment he took a sip of coffee, cooling hot.

Lady Agnes shrugged her tapering shoulders, and curled her lip in a little, slighting, disdainful way, peculiar to herself.

"A commonplace little thing as ever I saw. When I told me she was pretty; but I confess, when I saw that pallid face and immense black eyes, I never was so disappointed in my life. I don't fancy her acting, either—it is a great deal too tragic; and I confess I am at a loss to know why people rave about her as they do."

"Bad taste, probably," said her son, laughing, and with quite recovered composure; "since you differ from them, and yours is indisputably perfect. But your visit to the theater was not thrown away after all, for you must know you made a conquest the first day; but nobody was foolish enough to be abroad at that dismal hour of that dismal morning; and the man who sat before the great wood fire in the principal room of the cottage, though he listened and watched, like sister Anne on the tower-top, for somebody's coming, that somebody came not, and he and his matin meditations were left undisturbed. He was a young man, sunburnt and good-looking—a laborer unmissably dressed in his best; and with his chair drawn up close to the fire, and a boot on each andiron, he drowsily smoked a short clay pipe. The room was as neat and clean as any room could be, the floor faultlessly sanded, the poor furniture deftly arranged, and all looked cozy and cheerful in the ruddy light."

There was nobody else in the room, and the rattling of the rain and sleet against the windows, the dull roar of the fire, and the sharp chirping of a cricket on the hearth, were the only sounds that broke the silence. Yes, there was another: once or twice, while the man sat and smoked, and nodded, and listened to the storm there had been the feeble cry of an infant; and at such times he had started and looked uneasily at a door behind him, opening evidently into another room. As a little Dutch clock on the mantel-piece chimed slowly six, this door opened, and a young, fair-haired, pretty woman came out. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and she carried a great bundle of something rolled in flannel carefully in her arms. The man looked up inquisitively and took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Bah! Tell me about yourself, Cliffe—what have you yet been doing for the last two months?"

"Oh! millions of things! Been on parade, fought like a hero in the sham fights in the Park, covered myself with glory in the reviews, made love, got into debt, went to the opera, and—"

"To the theater!" put in Lady Agnes, coolly.

"Certainly, to the theater! I could as soon exist without my dinner as without that!"

"Precisely so! I don't object to theaters in the least," said Lady Agnes, transfixing him with her cold blue eyes, "but when it comes to actresses, it is going a little too far. Cliffe, what are those stories that people are whispering about you, and that the birds of the air have borne even to Cliftonlea?"

"Stories about me! Haven't the first idea. What are they?"

"Don't equivocate, sir! Do you know what has brought me up to town in such haste?"

"You told me a few moments back, if my memory serves me, that it was to see me."

"Exactly! and to make you give me a final answer on a subject we have often discussed before."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"Matrimony!" said Lady Agnes, in her quiet, decided way.

Lieutenant Shirley, with his eyes fixed intently on his plate, began cutting a slice of toast thereon into minute squares, with as much precision as he had used in spreading his napkin.

"Ah, just so! A very pleasant subject, if you and I could only take the same view of it, which we don't. Do you want to have a daughter-in-law to quarrel with at Castle Cliffe so badly that you've come to the city to bring our home?"

"One thing I don't want, Lieutenant Shirley," said Lady Agnes, somewhat sharply, "is to see my son make a sentimental fool of himself! Your cousin Charlotte is here, and I want you to marry her and go abroad. I've been wishing to go to Rome myself for the last two or three months, and it will be an excellent opportunity to go with you."

"Thank you, mother! But at the same time, I'm afraid, you and my cousin Charlotte must hold me excused!" said the lieutenant, in his cool manner.

"What are your objections, sir?"

"Their name is legion! In the first place," said the young gentleman, beginning to count on his fingers, "she is five years older than I am; secondly, she is fat—couldn't possibly marry any one but a sylph; thirdly, she is a widow—the lady I raise to the happiness of Mrs. S.—must give me a heart that has had no former lodger; fourthly, she has a son, and I don't precisely fancy the idea of becoming, at the age of twenty, papa to a tall boy of six years; and, fifthly, and lastly, and conclusively, she is my cousin, and I like her as such, and nothing more, and wouldn't marry her as a passion."

"Yes!" She said it so gravely that the smile died away on his lips, as she moved in her graceful way across to the table. "Have you had breakfast? But of course you have not; so sit down there, and I will pour out your coffee as if you were at home."

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THE WANDERER TO HIS BRIDE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Wherever I roam by land or by sea,  
And idle hours give peace to my soul,  
Thoughts of a loved one with sweet ecstasy  
Come wakening their influence o'er and o'er.  
And out of these thoughts comes an image fair,  
While fauliful dreaming pictures me there.

However distant from these I may roam,  
Mid scenes that change with the varied lands;  
Where the mountains are purple in even's gloam,  
Where the shores are sprinkled with golden sands,  
And the white sails gleam of anchored ships,  
I still feel one farewell kiss on my lips.

Whenever I long the shore to behold,  
That holds the idol my heart has enshrined,  
My arms, this moment should shielding enfold,  
And lips should be whispering in love's language  
kind.

The passionate yearning that springs from my heart  
Is an assurance how much loved thou art.

When bell's chime soft in the church tower at night,  
And their solemn sound floats on the air,  
My hands I fold like a penitent wight,  
And whisper, loved one, for the silent prayer.  
The stillness of night then softens in my breast,  
The longing for thee, and brings me sweet rest.

Oh, the dream of sweet love in holy guise  
Haunts me wherever I turn, and I may roam,  
And where I go, I never have I seen thine eyes  
My spirit seeks thine, though distant thy home,  
And whispers to it, in loving communion,  
Be patient, my love, with thee I'll be soon!

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF  
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

PATRICK GWYNE APPEARS.

A LOW cry of alarm came from Bernice's lips as she beheld the masked man standing within her room.

"Don't fear; I ain't a-goin' to harm you," said the outlaw, gruffly, his voice hard and unnatural.

Bernice made a single step toward him as the tone of his voice fell upon her ears. Her lips were parted as though a question trembled upon them, and there was an eager and an anxious look upon her beautiful face.

The road-agent guessed the question that was on Bernice's tongue.

"You know me, eh?" he said, with a hoarse chuckle.

"I— I think I do," the girl replied, slowly, a puzzled expression upon her face.

"Oh! you know me, fast enough, and I know you, too, Bernice Gwyne. I knew you the moment I set my eyes on you in the coach the other night, although it's ten years since I've seen your face."

"Ten years!" said Bernice, very slowly, speaking as if she were in a dream, and her eyes fixed steadily upon the outlaw.

"Yes, it's ten years since I 'leavanted' from old Gotham and found a home in the Far West. I've changed a heap since that time; the smooth-faced boy has become the bearded man; the hand, that once only struck in self-defense, is now raised against all."

"And who are you?" cried Bernice, suddenly, the girl standing rigid as a statue, and staring with straining eyes upon her strange visitor.

"What do you ask that question for, when you must know who I am?" demanded the outlaw, coarsely.

"Answer it, please," replied Bernice, quietly, but with a suppressed agitation in her face that was painful to behold.

"You know well enough. What man is there in this hyer ranch to likely to call you, like I did, when I put my head in at the coach window? Who is it that you've come all the way from the East to find, eh?" the outlaw asked.

"Patrick Gwyne," she replied.

"Take a good look at me; I'm the man," said the road-agent.

"You, Patrick Gwyne?" Bernice questioned, slowly.

"Yes, you know I am; when you look upon me and hear my voice, you know that I am Patrick Gwyne, although you have tried to cheat yourself into a belief that you have discovered Patrick Gwyne in this blackleg, Dick Talbot."

"How do you know that?" demanded Bernice, quickly.

"Because I overheard all that passed between you and him up in the ravine to-day," replied the outlaw, with a laugh.

Bernice started as though she had been bitten by a serpent.

"It's true," added Kit, noticing the movement of the girl. "I was snugged down among the pines; you see, I have to be pretty careful how I walk round this hyer town. You happened to meet this fellow not ten paces from my hiding-place, so I heard all that passed between you. I could hear though I couldn't see, but for all that, I saw something, without the use of my eyes, that he didn't see with the use of his."

"And what was that?" asked Bernice, a peculiar expression upon her face.

"That Bernice Gwyne, if she stays in Spur City long, will be very apt to make a fool of herself," replied Kit, bluntly.

"You think so?"

"I know so," he said, decidedly. "Why, Bernice, I know you of old. The free and open-hearted child has not changed, although she has grown to womanhood; her nature is still the same. But, you're on the wrong track, my girl; switch off; say good-bye to this region and get back East as fast as possible."

"And leave you, Patrick Gwyne, to lead this life?" questioned Bernice.

"What other is open to me?" said Kit, doggedly.

"The life of an honest man; you are young yet; the best years of your life are still before you!" exclaimed Bernice, earnestly.

"Too late!" said the outlaw, with a shake of the head.

"It is never too late to forsake the ways of evil!" replied the girl.

"Oh, there's no use talking; leave me alone; you can't help me any. Go East and forget that such a man as Patrick Gwyne ever existed!" he exclaimed.

"Patrick, do you know what has happened at home?" she asked, quietly, but with a world of feeling in her tone.

"Yes."

"All?"

"Yes; the father forgot that he had a son; well; the son once forgot that he had a father; both are even. Perhaps if the father had been more of an Irishman and less Roman, the son would not have disgraced his gray hairs."

"How can you speak so, Patrick?" exclaimed Bernice, softly, her large eyes filling with tears.

"It is the truth," the outlaw replied, stubbornly. "My father had read that the Roman, Brutus, gave his son to death; his country first, his kindred after; but his heart ached the Roman and would have given me to the scaffold had I not found safety in flight. Years came and went, yet he did not relent; the foolish boy, that a kind word perhaps might have saved from evil, became a desperate man. When my father was on his deathbed, even, he did not relent."

"How do you know?"

"I guessed it."

"You did not guess rightly," Bernice said, softly. "Your father's illness lasted only a few hours; the shock came so sudden that it gave him no time to undo the wrong that he had committed in his will; but yet, the last word upon his lips was your name; in his dying hour he thought of the son whose name he had forbidden all to speak."

The teeth of the outlaw were tightly compressed, and his muscular frame shook with strong emotion.

"Will you not then, leave this dreadful life and seek once more the path of honesty?" Bernice asked, eagerly.

For a moment the road-agent did not reply; then, with a great effort, he recovered his composure.

"Enough of that," he said. "I have already given you my answer, and now give me yours. Will you leave this place and return to the East?"

"No."

"You will not!" exclaimed Kit, harshly.

"No," replied Bernice firmly.

"And why will you not?" demanded the outlaw, evidently annoyed. "You have found what you seek. I am Patrick Gwyne. You do not doubt that, do you?"

"No," Bernice replied.

"You came to the West to find me; you have found me. That ends your mission. What can keep you here?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"And yet you say that you overheard the interview between myself and this Mr. Talbot, to day."

"So I did, every word; if you doubt it, I'll repeat the conversation."

"No, I do not doubt it," Bernice replied.

"You also said that you, without eyes, discovered something which escaped his vision."

"Yes, I did."

"And you ask why I remain here?"

Kit looked at the girl for a moment in silence; wonder expressed itself in his dark eyes.

"You love this man?" he cried, suddenly.

"I do," Bernice replied, firmly and proudly.

"Girl, you are mad!" cried the road-agent, roughly.

"Do you think so because I love this man, who calls himself Talbot, and because I am not ashamed to confess to you, my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, that I do love him?" the girl, the peculiar look again appearing on her face.

"You love this fellow, this Injin Dick, bally, gambler, cheat of the first water! A scoundrel that the Vigilantes will string up to the branch of a tall pine some fine morning as a warning to the rest of his cut-throat tribe!" cried Kit, hastily, and with bitter indignation.

"Yes, I love him," replied Bernice, proudly; "and that love shall win him from the mire of evil and make an honest man of him once again."

"As she spoke, the color flushed her cheeks and a bright, joyous light sparkled in her eyes.

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# Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

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ONE OF MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING'S  
Most Splendid Productions

is commenced in this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and the reader will find in

## VICTORIA;

The Heiress of Castle Cliffe.

with what art and power Mrs. Fleming writes when she is at her best. Undoubtedly this is one of the finest serial stories which has been given to the press in a long time, and it will be received with great interest and attention.

## The Arm-Chair.

In Houssaye's "Confidences," from which we quoted in our last, we find this paragraph, regarding a reception and ball given on a late March evening—in Paris, of course: "I saw last night, at Madame Harcourt's ball, the New World and the Old—Paris and New York—disputing the fashionable supremacy by dressed as brilliant as sheet-lightning. It was like fairy-land, all those pretty women in that charming hotel in the Champs Elysées all abloom with camellias, tulips, and primroses. It was the first smile of springtime, and the last hour of the Carnival."

Paris and New York. That's what is the matter. Paris in New York is "all the rage." It is goods and gewgaws with Parisian names; and not to know how to chatter French is becoming an indelible sign of plebeianism. It is French this and French that, until it seems that anything American is not worth the notice.

From a kid glove to a bridal *trousseau*—from a cake of soap to a carriage—from a bun to a five-course feast—it is all French. The way over to Paris has become such a highway that thousands now travel it yearly merely to do their shopping and eating.

The money Americans spend on Paris yearly is enough to sink a ship, and the only wonder is that we consent to live here at all. We are reconciled by substitutes. A new French "hat" goes a great ways toward making life endurable, while French carpets, furniture and hangings are such a comfort that we endure our plebeianism and domestic associations with something like resignation. Not to have French plate-glass in your windows, French mirrors on your walls of plaster of Paris, French carpets on your floors—why, you are to be pitied and shunned; you can not expect the "respectability" to call upon you.

Even the maids in our kitchens sport their French kid gloves, French gaiters, French flowerers and French dresses. We hear, indeed, that they propose to strike for higher wages, upon the plea of doing French cooking. And pray, why shouldn't they, since what is French even in name is worth ever so much more than what is American?

The question is, as Grace Liston says—how much further can we go in this devotion to the merely extrinsic and extraneous? Is it not about time to take an account of stock and see just where we stand? Are not a little self-assertion and a good deal of self-respect virtues that will bear exaltation? To continue this subversivity to a foreign nation must render us contemptible in the estimation of those having sense enough to see servility in its true

## Sunshine Papers.

### Books.

The Preacher said, "Of making many books there is no end;" and that was so many years ago that mankind's knowledge of the wise divine and his words is confined to the record of them.

What would the poor gentleman say, in this nineteenth century, if he could revisit earth and behold the hundreds of thousands of people employed in some connection with this making many books, of which, indeed, in our age, there is no end? What would he have thought of the machines for stamping men's thoughts upon pages with the velocity of lightning? What of the piles of papers, magazines, and books, in homes alike of the rich and poor; of the great public libraries; of the stores confined to that branch of trade; of the stalls along the streets; and the subscription-book solicitors at the doors; and the thriving business against the railings at the ferries; and the man rushing through the cars with the last popular novels? What word of censure would he have pronounced upon the literary thieves who make name and fortune by pilfering the thoughts of others; what assurance of sympathy have given to the reviewer forced to scan, perpetually, new books, good, bad and indifferent?

As the Preacher's astonishment and remarks must remain a matter of speculation, suppose we return to that same reviewer? How often have I pitied him; how often shuddered at the authors he so mercilessly dissects; and wondered, when I read some glowing eulogy, how much richer he was in pocket that day!

A disgraceful intimation? So I think; but a true one, nevertheless; and it goes to prove that we cannot always depend upon the reviewers for correct advice as to what books we should read. Every one ought to read a little; peruse some books. There are few homes so poverty-stricken that an interesting volume may not be added to its possessions occasionally; no person so much an "east" as not to find accessibility to the realms of life.

Put reading in the way of children; not so plentifully and rapidly as to pall their taste for it; but judiciously. See that they have vivacious, amusing, instructive books, and fresh, captivating magazines; but keep from them papers and books filled with tales of crime and redundant with the impossible adventures of youths who are painted as heroes

because of their wicked daring, and in whose lives sin is made glorious. Keep from them, equally religiously, the books wherein children are made too good to live, too unreal ever to have lived, and are presented, altogether, through a pious halo unhealthy, distorted, and unnatural. Well do I remember crying bitterly while my mother read to me an absurd memoir of a child so utterly unchildish that she ought never to have existed, if she ever did; and, being questioned of my grief, begged:

"If you please, I don't want to hear that book. I know the little girl is going to die, she is so dreadfully good."

I have always felt profound respect for the little girl who confessed to committing a wrong deed, remarking, "I don't want to be good, mamma, 'cause if I am, I'll die." Give the little ones books about girls and boys as human as themselves, and do not be afraid of the fairy tales.

Every home should be supplied with a choice of reading which will please alike youths and maidens, the middle-aged and the old, the grave and the gay.

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good."

Let those who would cultivate sensibility have access to the pages of Mackenzie and Goethe; and those who need good sense concerning common matters of life find Franklin at their disposal. If the youth dreams of a political future, put Webster, and Calhoun, and Montesquieu, and Nordhoff in his way, and give him the life of Washington and Demosthenes to read. For the grave souled, who delight to tutor their reasoning powers, have Bacon, and Chillingworth, and Butler, and Locke; and for those who revel in classical literature, Steele, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Lamb, and Addison; or history, Hume, Bancroft, Gibbon, Kingsley, Froude and Macaulay. Do not be chary of such grand imaginative literature as may be found within the pages of Milton and Shakespeare, nor exclude from your library such writings as have emanated from the pens of Emerson, E. E. Hale, Jean Paul Richter, Ruskin, Lamartine, Bayard Taylor, and Irving. And the poets, Moore, and Browning, and Pope, and Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Holland, Whittier, Bryant, Byron, Longfellow, Ingelow, give them all a place.

And, lastly, but by no means leastly, have generous shelves filled with the works of the novelist. For we cannot all be statesmen and students; but through the pages of the novel the veriest outcast can move a principal figure in the politics and history of past and present; the toiling work-girl can get restful insights into the realms of taste and luxury. The novelist familiarizes readers of every condition with other countries, and minds, and classes, than their own; teaches bits of philosophy, mere animal needs and existence, inspires feelings of justice, and moves the masses to correct appreciation of great abuses and so induces reform. To those who lift us out of ourselves and beyond the carking of daily cares, give generous welcome. There is no purer, healthier literature for young or old than that furnished by Scott, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, Hugo and Eliot; nor can the ladies and lasses find any harmful sentiments in the works of Grade Aguilar, Mrs. Oiphant, Mrs. Charles, H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Whittney, Miss Warner, the Brontes, Marion Harland, J. F. Cooper, J. S. C. Abbott, Hans Christian Andersen, Miss Muloch and J. T. Trowbridge.

Copper says: "Books are not seldom talismans and spells," and we are forced to believe that many one is a spell for evil. It would be absurd, however, because of the sea of books everywhere flooding the world, some are dangerous, to put a ban upon all. "As good as kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself." And yet Bacon has well said: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

Young men and women should always have some book wherewith to fill up the odd moments that will occur daily in every life, be it ever so busy. Think! If only ten, fifteen or twenty minutes a day are spent in reading something instructive, how many hours the aggregate will show at the end of a year, or five years, and how much knowledge you will have gained. In hours of travel, during little delays, evenings, and perhaps an hour snatched in the long summer mornings, how many excellent books you can make yourself acquainted with; but be sure they are books worth the knowing; books that have amused, entertained, instructed, but have left no doubtful impressions upon the mind; books you will never wish you could efface from your memory. Perhaps I can give no better criterion for judging books, nor end my essay more practically, than by quoting Southey upon the influence of literature: "Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been considered unlawful and dangerous, after all, be innocent and harmless? Has it tended to make you impudent under control, and disposed you to relax in self-government? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination or shocked the heart? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—on, if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

It is decidedly wrong, my good friend, to give up in despair and sit down in a despondent state, when matters do not eventuate as you want them to. How on earth is it going to mend the affair or make your burden of life easier to carry?

Because you are disappointed in business, love or pleasure, is that any reason you should say you haven't a friend in the world, that no one cares for you, that the world is only encumbered by your presence, and the sooner you and the world are done with each other the better?

It may all be very romantic and exceedingly poetical to talk of suicide and state that your body will be found floating in the cold water, but it is extremely wicked and deserves a harder scolding than I am capable of giving. I once heard a great, strong and healthy young man give utterance to just such expressions. I could not see how he was going to be better himself by shuffling off this mortal coil, and I just up and told him so. I read him a lesson and impressed on his mind about there being a Hereafter. The foolish

fellow argued that he would run the risk of a Hereafter, as it couldn't treat him any worse than the present had. Now, I am not much given to sentiment, and how I happened to give utterance to the words that follow I cannot say, but I know I did remark: "If you do not want to live for yourself, then live for those who love you."

The ridiculous fellow replied that there wasn't one soul who did love him! I couldn't swallow that, because I believe the vilest creature on earth has some one who will or who loves him. I'm sure Nero was about as bad a scoundrel as ever lived and was despised by almost every one, and yet we read that some one loved him enough to strew flowers on his grave!

"If you please, I don't want to hear that book. I know the little girl is going to die, she is so dreadfully good."

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"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good."

Let those who would cultivate sensibility have access to the pages of Mackenzie and Goethe; and those who need good sense concerning common matters of life find Franklin at their disposal. If the youth dreams of a political future, put Webster, and Calhoun, and Montesquieu, and Nordhoff in his way, and give him the life of Washington and Demosthenes to read. For the grave souled, who delight to tutor their reasoning powers, have Bacon, and Chillingworth, and Butler, and Locke; and for those who revel in classical literature, Steele, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Lamb, and Addison; or history, Hume, Bancroft, Gibbon, Kingsley, Froude and Macaulay. Do not be chary of such grand imaginative literature as may be found within the pages of Milton and Shakespeare, nor exclude from your library such writings as have emanated from the pens of Emerson, E. E. Hale, Jean Paul Richter, Ruskin, Lamartine, Bayard Taylor, and Irving. And the poets, Moore, and Browning, and Pope, and Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Holland, Whittier, Bryant, Byron, Longfellow, Ingelow, give them all a place.

And, lastly, but by no means leastly, have generous shelves filled with the works of the novelist. For we cannot all be statesmen and students; but through the pages of the novel the veriest outcast can move a principal figure in the politics and history of past and present; the toiling work-girl can get restful insights into the realms of taste and luxury. The novelist familiarizes readers of every condition with other countries, and minds, and classes, than their own; teaches bits of philosophy, mere animal needs and existence, inspires feelings of justice, and moves the masses to correct appreciation of great abuses and so induces reform. To those who lift us out of ourselves and beyond the carking of daily cares, give generous welcome. There is no purer, healthier literature for young or old than that furnished by Scott, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, Hugo and Eliot; nor can the ladies and lasses find any harmful sentiments in the works of Grade Aguilar, Mrs. Oiphant, Mrs. Charles, H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Whittney, Miss Warner, the Brontes, Marion Harland, J. F. Cooper, J. S. C. Abbott, Hans Christian Andersen, Miss Muloch and J. T. Trowbridge.

Copper says: "Books are not seldom talismans and spells," and we are forced to believe that many one is a spell for evil. It would be absurd, however, because of the sea of books everywhere flooding the world, some are dangerous, to put a ban upon all. "As good as kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself." And yet Bacon has well said: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

Young men and women should always have some book wherewith to fill up the odd moments that will occur daily in every life, be it ever so busy. Think! If only ten, fifteen or twenty minutes a day are spent in reading something instructive, how many hours the aggregate will show at the end of a year, or five years, and how much knowledge you will have gained. In hours of travel, during little delays, evenings, and perhaps an hour snatched in the long summer mornings, how many excellent books you can make yourself acquainted with; but be sure they are books worth the knowing; books that have amused, entertained, instructed, but have left no doubtful impressions upon the mind; books you will never wish you could efface from your memory. Perhaps I can give no better criterion for judging books, nor end my essay more practically, than by quoting Southey upon the influence of literature: "Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been considered unlawful and dangerous, after all, be innocent and harmless? Has it tended to make you impudent under control, and disposed you to relax in self-government? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination or shocked the heart? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—on, if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

It is decidedly wrong, my good friend, to give up in despair and sit down in a despondent state, when matters do not eventuate as you want them to. How on earth is it going to mend the affair or make your burden of life easier to carry?

Because you are disappointed in business, love or pleasure, is that any reason you should say you haven't a friend in the world, that no one cares for you, that the world is only encumbered by your presence, and the sooner you and the world are done with each other the better?

It may all be very romantic and exceedingly poetical to talk of suicide and state that your body will be found floating in the cold water, but it is extremely wicked and deserves a harder scolding than I am capable of giving. I once heard a great, strong and healthy young man give utterance to just such expressions. I could not see how he was going to be better himself by shuffling off this mortal coil, and I just up and told him so. I read him a lesson and impressed on his mind about there being a Hereafter. The foolish

youngster argued that he would run the risk of a Hereafter, as it couldn't treat him any worse than the present had. Now, I am not much given to sentiment, and how I happened to give utterance to the words that follow I cannot say, but I know I did remark: "If you do not want to live for yourself, then live for those who love you."

Their first instinct was to deal honestly with everybody—their second wasn't—and they generally stuck to second thoughts.

They always washed their faces with a dry towel, and combed their hair with a splinter, and always kept their teeth white with a daily coat of whitewash.

They hitched the horse at the rear end of the cart invariably, and a footman going any distance always got permission to walk behind a wagon, or get some other fellow to help him walk the distance, and then the other would often get the biggest half of the walk put on him.

An Egyptian took very little along with him when he died, only a small bundle containing a change of clothes; no real estate, or anything else; such were the laws of the country and as beef.

They were abstemious in their habits, and never ate any more than they wanted, unless they were invited out to dinner, and they never drank more than what they wanted, unless what they wanted was less than what they drank.

They lived on Egyptian soil and any victuals they could get.

It is somewhat remarkable that they never had any grandmothers.

The Egyptians usually died shortly after their last breath, or a few minutes before, just as they took a notion to.

After imparting this information the old mummy dried up and became mumm without a mumble.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future owners.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamp is accompanied by the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellency of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, bearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All expensed and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings every attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

MISS E. P. Girls cannot legally marry at your age without parents' full consent.

DAN E. The MSS. came underpaid in postage—hence were not received.

FRANK Newburg. Cannot use the sketches indicated. No novelty in such matter.

G. T. A. Any of the down-town *up-stairs* jewelry dealers will fill orders, or give you information.

J. P. A. "Boston Cabinet-maker" is a weekly paper devoted to the furniture trade.

SANCHO. There are several large books of poetical quotations. Among the best is Mrs. Hole's "Poet's Offering."

H. B. S. Writing for the press certainly demands both a fair education and

MONODY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

The robin carols wild with glee  
The happy measures of his song,  
To see again upon the lea  
The blossoms he has missed so long.

The little lark commits far away  
Blend daintily with the tender sky,  
And sunshine of this golden day  
Drops benedictions from on high.

I wander down the sunny slope,  
And think of him who talked with me  
Of coming days, and thrilled with hope  
When dreaming of the time to be.

I see the wind flower in the grass,  
And gather from his week-old grave,  
The violet nodding in the grass;  
A love to such sweet things he gave.

He loved the blossoms and the birds,  
And talked with all the babbling brooks;  
To him they spoke delightful words;  
Kind Nature taught him from her books.

Oh, Earth, he loved you passing well,  
And now, oh, now, he loveth rest;  
That he, your child, might slumber well  
Had laid him on your gentle breast.

Bring here your blossoms and your birds  
To make his resting-place most sweet,  
And whisper him your tenderest words  
To make his peace at last complete.

“Bonny Kathrina.”

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

I CAME across a letter yesterday, yellow and faded and old, written me in the long ago by a friend; and it ran thus:

“—You will remember the old building at whose entrance we found seats one summer night. I am reminded to mention this change also. It was torn down over a week ago. You, perchance, imagine my feelings as I sat in the fading light. For many is the time I have since wandered by that trysting-place, and dreamed the dream of the night over again. But never, nevermore shall you and I rest ourselves there, however propitious be the fates of our future lives. And only in dreams shall it stand for us as we knew it in the summer of 1883.”

Ah, truly, never, nevermore, shall you and I seat ourselves in that old trysting-place, together, Vincent; for the grasses of eight summers have tossed their sprays lightly above your grave as dreamlessly you have slept in that quiet New England churchyard. But still, in memory, I see the quaint old stone house where we sat in the harvest moonlight. It was just over the crest of the hill on which nestles Alterbrand Hall, among its greenery of maples—beautiful, silent, deserted Alterbrand.

How often I have thought of your young hair as I saw him once in the summer of '80; that fatal summer of his life, three years before you and I spent one August-time, together, just within the shadows of the homestead from which his blithe presence was gone. I can see him yet; tall and slender as a young sapling, with brown waves of hair tossed back from his pale, earnest, classic face, and dark, thoughtful eyes looking so wistfully and innocently upon the world in which he hoped to do noble work. Rare grace of form, and beauty of face, and quiet, refined, reserved manners, had Clyde Alterbrand. No wonder the mother worshipped the boy whom death had alone spared her of all her treasures.

She is dead now. I read a notice a few months ago, copied from an Italian paper. If ever I see the white portals of Alterbrand again, gleaming adown the arch of interlacing maples, change will have come to it; strangers will have opened wide its closed windows, and filled with life its silent walls; and none will know of its once young master's last sweet dream there.

And that reminds me, Vincent, dreaming here over your long ago letter, of some pages from Clyde Alterbrand's life you read me under the shadows of the decaying rose-trellis, over against the Hall. You sealed the packet up that day and gave it me. I have it yet unopened, and that was almost twelve years ago. But if I break the seal, now, perhaps other hearts than mine will give tender remembrance to the heir of Alterbrand. I will.

Two ceaselessly rainy days, and then, late in the afternoon, the sun won victory over the leaden skies and shone gorgeously, transforming to gold the prisoned drops in the flower-cups and stealing luscious odors from the tempting sprays of berries. I was glad to see the warm yellow light one more and escape from indoors to the glittering garden. It was late when I came in and thrust my feet in slippers, and all *en deshabille*, sat down to the piano in the dusk-darkened parlor; visitors came rarely to Alterbrand since father's and Minnie's death. A long time I sat, playing softly, the room getting full of sweet darkness, when the thud of quick footsteps came along the rain-wet walk and sprung upon the piazza to the opened windows.

“Clyde, my boy, are you in there?” called a voice that I recognized as Oscar Mead's. I went out to answer and meet him, and he put his hand upon my shoulder, forcing me toward the steps, saying: “Come along; some one to see you down at the lodge.”

I urged him to consider my appearance; but he only laughed, and asked if I was afraid of my cousins Cad and Leslie Delmar. So I went with him down the avenue. At the gate stood two carriages, Cad in one; Leslie and a lady, a stranger, in the other. After I had greeted my cousins, the lady leaned toward me holding out her hand, and asking:

“Have you forgotten me, Mr. Alterbrand? Then I shall have to introduce myself. I am Kate Claibourne.”

Kate Claibourne! we could scarcely realize it! Try as hard as we may, our mental eyes will only keep pace with our physical ones in remembering places and persons we have known. I had always thought of Kate as the wild little schoolgirl who used to queen it over us boys right royally, teasing us with her coquettish caprices. For Kate was a coquette in those days, and I one of her most humble adorers. How often I had kissed her cheeks to carnation and tangled her sunny hair. Was she a coquette yet and Leslie her favored knight? I wondered as I noted how eagerly he watched her. But no! Kate, the lovely woman, has outgrown her childish imperfections! How flossy her brown hair was; and her eyes—like stars—they burned one's soul. That first night they read mine; as we parted she bent toward me saying, softly:

“You are greatly changed from the gay boy—Clyde, and I think I can fathom the cause of the transformation. It is the noble life-work you have chosen. God bless you, and make you a successful clergyman.”

And then they drove away through the moonlight, and I went in to dream of the days when we had all been happy children together. The next morning I was talking to mother of the call, and it seemed to me she listened with unusual seriousness; I feared I had recalled sad memories of Minnie by talking of those whom Minnie had loved. But when I joined her later in the garden, where she was tending her flowers, she started me with some news.

“I have sent Miles over to Easterly, to invite Cad and Leslie, with their friend, and Mr. Mead, to spend a few days with us. I've been thinking that perhaps I have been selfish in my sorrow; and that we should be better for having the gloom of our home sun-rifted once more. I am sure that the dear ones will know, all the same, that I mourn for them unceasingly.”

Dear mother!

Miles brought back an acceptance of the invitation. The next day, as I lay under the maples, looking out over the valley, and the white spire of the church where I was soon to be married to with pleasure, Kate said. And then my mother urged Miss Claibourne to come alone and stay with us a little time. She promised; and I arranged to go to Easterly for her the following day. My admiration for Kate increased during that morning, and I know she completely won mother's heart. I could only liken her to a graceful, timid, sweet convolvulus that looked in at my window, each morning; its pure white face just tinged with pink, as if the delicate fringes of the sunrise clouds had lightly brushed it.

She came; and it seemed as if time never,

never, flew so rapidly as during the five days

she remained with us. Before we parted the

first night, in the gloaming where we had long

been singing together, it seemed as if in soul

we had never been aught but friends; and I

knew that never another woman would so

fully realize my ideal as bonny Kathrina Clai-

bourne. Through the sunny days we played

cheerily together under the rose-trellis, sun in

the maple-shaded parlor, and wandered night

and morning over the hillside and far down

into the valley where we had played as chil-

dren, talking of politics, ethics and religion.

I knew that I had her firm, friendship. I

scarcely dared hope I had won her heart, until

the last night of her stay.

We were out on the piazza, in the harvest

moonlight, and she asked me to sing to her

one of my college songs of which she had

grown fond. Of course I complied—who

could have refused her as she looked up from

her lower seat, a pleading light in her starry

eyes, and the pale moonbeams rendering hea-

venly pure her flower-fair face?

“Ah, me! fatality.

That brings us to our journey's end.

When friend must bid farewell to friend?

Ah, me! fatality.

Ah, me! fatality.

Shall we then unite he

Through all the long fatality?

As I ceased, I heard Kathrina repeating,

slowly:

“Ah, me! fatality.

That brings us to our journey's end.

When friend must bid farewell to friend?

Ah, me! fatality.

Ah, me! fatality.

As she almost whispered, “Fatality has

brought us to that time, Clyde.”

“And you care, Kathrina? Say that you

do!”

She looked up into my face, and there were

real tears in her eyes, outrivaling the tears of

the night that the honeysuckle branches had

tossed on her flossy hair. “Can you doubt it?”

Perhaps I was rash; but what mattered

rashness when I knew I could not exist with-

out her? I gathered my bonny Kathrina in

my arms, and made her promise that, what-

ever else fatality might bring us, it should

bring us never life, one without the other.

The next day she went away for a week.

And how that long, lonely, miserable week

taught me the depth of my passion!

When she returned, to spend the last ten

days with us before I went back to college,

Vincent Dannfahl had come. I was dis-

appointed at first that he and Kate did not like

each other; and almost angry with him when

he suggested that he thought Miss Claibourne

was a coquette. But he did not know my

bonny Kate then! They grew better friends,

afterward; so good friends that I should have

been jealous of them had they been other than

Vincent and Kate.

“Oscar Mead came one day, and Kate went

out horseback riding with him. It seemed

hard to have him take her away for half a day,

when I was to have her so little time. And

perhaps that was why I was so foolish as to

suggest that she seemed wonderfully glad to

see him. As she said, I quite forgot how old

a friend of hers he was; and that Kate had a

way of enjoying things so thoroughly as to ex-

hibit a much greater warmth of feeling on

every occasion than ordinary mortals were wont

to do.

At last the day came when Vincent and I

must return to college; and Kate and I were

obliged to part for a year!

A year! how horribly long it seemed—how

dreary the months ahead seem yet, even with

my bonny Kate's frequent long letters to cheer

me. But I am working hard; for her sake, I

must win.

The “horrible year” is over! What a

shameful coward I have been not to have written

Bonny Kate's name in so many months.

But then I was ill, and consequently weak, for

a long time after that letter of hers came tell-

ing me of her year-old engagement, and that

our friendly correspondence really must cease;

though she should not forget her promise to

come and see me graduate.

Ah! that last line, how it burned itself into

my heart! And how I have worked to win

the highest honors, that I had to win for

once for her sake alone! And I succeeded;

though I think I should have failed, to-day, if

her starry eyes had not been looking up at me

from among the crowd. She had no triumph!

I am not weak, nor a coward, longer, Bonny

Kathrina. I tear your image here, now, for-

ever out of my heart!

I am glad I am going to see old Alterbrand

again, to-morrow. I am so weary for mother

and home. I shall be stronger by fall, and

then—

“Ah me! futurity!

What will it bring to me?

A dark, unknown futurity.”

It brought him to his “journey's end.” In

the late days of autumn, when the birds were

trilling mournful farewells to summer, and the

maples that crowned the hill at Alterbrand unfurled banners of

quiring careful manipulation still, and I should not suppose you would wish to lose it to me. I obeyed your instructions to hold no communication, because it seemed policy as well as that you wished it."

She was standing a little aside watching him steadily, and speaking emotionally as he spoke.

"Have you heard that property lost during the war has been restored to my father?"

"It is no secret. The fact has been openly enough discussed through the whole neighborhood."

"I want to tell you the truth regarding it. It is only a barren waste, the plantation now; it was never much better than that; but papa has circulated a false report of its importance to further his own ends. You know how he has always hoped to gain some wealth and some position at last, and this means only new humiliation to me. The time has come now, Owen, when if you are willing to stand by me as I by you, I shall throw off this long oppression of my life. I will dare his anger and reproaches, anything gladly, to be openly acknowledged as your wife."

"You forget that you are not the only one interested in secrecy, Venetia. My future prospects depend upon it. It was your choice to keep our relations secret two years ago; it is mine now."

"Does that mean you have wholly ceased to care for me, Owen? You seem like it. Your prospect is the chance of employment here at Thornhurst, and few employers are influenced more by a man's relations than by his ability. If Colonel Vivian is an exception there are doubtless other opportunities for a willing seeker. Is it because you do not wish to acknowledge me, Owen, because you regret the bond uniting us?"

"Under the circumstances I do not wish it. You don't understand the affair; it is not probable you would if I took an hour to explain. You women are unreasonable creatures always. I have waited your time; you must be content to bide mine."

He was not returning her gaze; he was speaking sullenly; he was another man from the one she had loved and trusted thoroughly. She knew in that moment well as she knew afterward that it was his intention never to acknowledge her. She shrank for a second, all the color went suddenly out of her face, but there was hardly a change in her low voice.

"I understand; you will be glad to be rid of my presence here. I presume you know with the rest that we go South very soon. I did not expect this from you; I have not deserved it; but I would not sue fidelity from any man alive. This is your ring, the one with which you wedded me. Take it. When you come to care for me it is time we part forever, we do here and now."

The ring dropped into his passive hand; he saw her face for one moment as he saw it throughout his after life, still blanched, with great sorrowful eyes upon him; then she swept away and he was alone.

He was not wholly unmoved under his indifferent aspect; some remembrance of his old passion surged at seeing her bright and beautiful before him, but the selfishness which had ruled him all his life was predominant now.

"Better so," he thought, dropping the little gold circle into his vest-pocket. "I've only to keep rid of her suspicions for the time. If anything would tempt her to speak now it would be to save *Nora*; let it be too late for that and I am safe from her."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

**RED ROB.**  
**The Boy Road-Agent.**  
BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

**CHAPTER XI.**  
THE ARENA OF DEATH

A MURMUR of excitement escaped the lips of those shrouded figures on the top of the walls, and they pressed nearer the edge of the arena.

The door through which the panther had been driven from its cage into the inclosure, was immediately closed behind the beast.

The panther landed in the arena in a crouching position. His mouth was covered with bloody foam which told that he had been maddened before he was turned out. His eyeballs burned with that deadly, greenish hue so peculiar to this species of animals. The creature's head turned from side to side as though it were studying its new situation. The light blinded it at first, but it soon became accustomed to this. Then it espied the tall, majestic form of Basil Walramond.

A quiver seemed to thrill through the beast's whole form; its nose fell between its paws and its tail began the slow, serpent-like movement which warned the old man that the worst was soon to come.

Basil Walramond knew now what was meant by the "tiger-pit;" and when he remembered that his captors had spoken in Spanish, he was satisfied they were Spanish outlaws from the South, whose hereditary and barbarous love for the sport of bull-fighting was being gratified by turning wild beasts loose with captives in the court of the ruined monastery—a cruel sport at which a red savage's heart would have revolted.

The eyes of Walramond and the panther met. The old man knew wherein lay his only power over the beast, and from the moment of its first appearance, he watched his opportunity to catch the creature's glance. And when their eyes met, the ferocious creature seemed awed by the subtle influence of the old man's unflinching gaze. Had the man and beast been alone, the conflict would have ended there in that battle of eyes; but the shrouded spectators, witnessing what seemed to be the panther's fear, threw a stone and hit it. This broke the spell that held it motionless. With a low, purring sound and violent lashing of the tail, it gathered its strength and shot through the air toward the old man.

With the agility of the panther itself, Walramond sprang aside, and as the animal passed him, he dealt it a terrible blow upon the jaw that sent it rolling across the arena with a maddened scream.

A burst of applause from the lips of the spectators above echoed through the night.

The panther was soon upon its feet, and smarting under the blow it had received, and a shower of pebbles hurled on it from above, its ferocious anger was fully aroused; and it at once leaped forward toward its antagonist again. Walramond endeavored to elude it, as before, but he sprang the wrong way and the full weight of the beast came violently against him, and together they rolled to the earth in a deadly struggle.

That natural instinct which causes one to

throw up an arm or hand to protect the face from danger that cannot otherwise be averted, gave Basil Walramond some little advantage over his brute foe. The animal aimed to fasten its fangs in his face, but his left arm intervening, passed into the open jaws midway between the wrist and elbow. The limb itself was protected by three thicknesses of clothing, the outer one being of heavy buckskin. I said the limb was protected, but it was very little, for the sharp fangs of the beast cut through all thickness of clothing into the quivering flesh.

No word or groan escaped the lips of the old man, as, in rapid evolutions, he and his foe rolled to and fro across the space locked in a deadly embrace. With his right hand he attempted to beat the beast off, or break its terrible jaws, but each blow only seemed toadden the creature all the more.

Shouts of fiendish joy rang from above.

Peals of demoniac laughter burst forth over the old man's fruitless efforts to vanquish his foe.

Silently, desperately Basil Walramond fought the panther. His fist rose and fell with awful violence upon the hairy demon—the demon tugged and tore at his arm. And all this time but one thought occupied the old man's mind. That knife! if he could only get a hold of that knife which some unseen hand had thrown into the "tiger-pit," he might win the battle. Toward the side where the weapon had fallen he exerted every nerve to turn the tide of conflict. Fierce and determined were his efforts directed by that same calm, deliberate mind. Around and around, and over and across the arena they whirled and struggled, until at length the desired spot was reached. Then he groped for the knife; he found it. Firmly he grasped it—fiercely he drove the blade into the panther's side.

The beast uttered a groan—almost a groan—and then tore and tugged more fiercely at the helpless arm.

Again and again was the blade driven into the animal's side. The warm blood spurted out upon the old man's hands, upon his breast until he was saturated with gore.

The ground, too, became almost slippery with the crimson tide; still the conflict continued, but the panther's strength was fast failing. His eyes became glazed, and at length it released its hold on the man's arm and uttered a scream that was piteous. Then it tottered, reeled, and fell over dead.

Basil Walramond had conquered. He rose to his feet. He was covered with gore. His left arm dangled limp and helpless by his side. It had been crushed and broken by his side. It had been crushed and broken by his side.

He lifted his eyes toward his enemies as if to receive their applause. They met those of the judge of the "Phantom Aztecs" glaring down upon him. No sea of spectators foamed with waving handkerchiefs met his eyes.

No thunder of applause congratulated him on his victory. Only the voice of the "judge" greeted his ears.

"By the gods, man, you shall not escape," the demon said; then turning to a companion he continued: "Turn in the bear—the fun is ended."

Instantly, almost, another door in the wall was opened, and a huge, black bear came lumbering out into the arena with a fierce growl. It scented the blood of the dead panther. It advanced across the court and attacked the still quivering carcass with violent ferocity. It had not seen its living antagonist yet.

Basil Walramond flinched not, although he must have known that he was no match for the bear. He glanced around him for some avenue of escape. He measured with his eyes the height of the surrounding walls. They were too high for his broken arm. His eyes fell upon the blocked gateway where had once been the main entrance to the courtyard. To this he advanced. Then he lifted his face toward heaven and murmured a prayer. The face of Sampson could not have been more wondrous in its deep sublimity when he asked God for power to destroy the temple of his tormentors.

The fiends on the wall groaned in mockery of the old man's prayer. But he headed them not. He placed his shoulder against the barricade and pushed against it.

A derisive laugh burst from the lips of the spectators.

But their laugh turned to a cry of surprise.

The wall yielded to the tremendous power brought against it. It started outward and with a thunderous crash.

Then through the arched opening sprung the old man, with a shout of triumph.

"Ay, by the heavens above, I'll be even with you yet, Leopold Hamallado," he hurled back in thunderous tones as he disappeared from the arena, for, he too, had recognized a face—the face of the "Phantom Aztec" judge.

Fierce yells rose upon the air, at a score of white-robed figures hunting in pursuit of the old man.

But Basil Walramond was free—beyond their power—Basil Walramond was safe, and with all the pain and agony of a crushed and broken arm to bear, he hurried on through the lonely halls of the night.

CHAPTER XII.

ASA SHERIDAN'S PRISON.

Two men conducted Asa Sheridan to the dungeon of darkness. One led the way with a torch, and the other brought up the rear with a torch pistol at the young man's head.

He was not blindfolded again. He was led along a dismal passage to the head of a stone stairway leading down into the dungeon. The man with the torch went ahead, and Asa followed him, the second robber remaining at the head of the stairs, on guard.

The guide led the way across the moldy stone floor to a heavy door, which stood ajar, and then opened into the dungeon. Into this Asa was led, then left alone in darkness, the outlaw locking the door as he went out.

The captive caught a glimpse of the room while the light of the torch was within it. It was a low, narrow apartment, having more the appearance of a vault or crypt than of a jail. There was no regular place of ventilation, and the only air that entered the chamber came in through the crevices in the walls. Even this was foul and unwholesome.

It was with a terrible feeling that young Sheridan now fully realized his situation—that he stood alone in the dungeon of that ancient ruin, where captive feet had doubtless stood two centuries before. His thoughts were anything but pleasant, for he was satisfied that the ruins were the retreat of a band of outlaws in whose hearts there was no mercy. But he did not grow despondent. One bright spot in his memory shone with the resplendent beauty of a star. It was the face that he had seen at the window when he sat in the "judgment hall"

—that fair, lovely face, and those soulful eyes from whose blue depths shone the light of innocence and purity.

By continued and persistent efforts, Sheridan succeeded in working the bonds off his hands and arms. This encouraged him to seek further liberty. He took a Lucifer match from his pocket and lit it, with which to explore his prison-cell. The light lasted but for a few brief moments, but long enough to convince him that there was no mortal chance of escape without aid, so he sat down and gave way to his emotions. He pondered over his situation, and wondered what the fate of his companions would be. The noble face of that wonderful old man, Basil Walramond, rose before his mental vision in all its mysterious beauty. Some intangible power had bound his affections to that man. There was something in the great, generous soul that attracted objects around it, as though possessed of spiritual polarity.

Thus pondering Sheridan leaned his aching head against the wall and tried to forget his troubles, his dangers and painful anxieties, and counted the sweet oblivion of sleep.

He had fallen into a doze, when he heard a key inserted into the rusty lock and turned.

The next moment the door swung open, and a man in a brigandine-looking suit—a rough-bearded face, and a girdle bristling with weapons, entered. He carried a dim, sputtering lamp, which he placed on the floor; then seated himself, with his back against the door, loosened up a revolver, and assuming an attitude of ease, said:

"Youngster, I reckon as what you think us a 'tarnal tuff set of felles here; but if ye do, it's because you don't know any 'bout us."

"I am satisfied in regard to your character," replied Asa, keeping his hands behind him, that the outlaw might not discover their freedom.

"But wouldn't you walk out of here if a few words, truthfully spoken, would open that door and strip off your bonds?"

"I would prefer the fresh air of heaven to this pest-hole, as any fool ought to know," Asa replied, anxious to know what the outlaw had to propose without committing himself.

"Young man, the captain sent me here to talk, not to quarrel. If you will make a clean breast of the object that brought you and your companions—especially that tall old man—into this valley, you'll be permitted to leave here alive."

"I haven't the least assurance that you will do as you say. However, we came into this country to prospect for gold. We came from Santa Fe. I never questioned my companions as to their past life, nor they me. It was none of my business what the past had been to them."

"I'm not willing to accept this story," said the outlaw.

"You can go to the deuce then," blurted Sheridan, contemptuously.

"You can save the life of that old man by revealing what it is believed you know of him," said the outlaw.

"I have told all I know. Even if I did know more, I'd be a fool to compromise myself with you. No, sir, I am not the coward to betray my comrades, even if there were anything to betray them in."

"Well," said the outlaw, rising to his feet, and taking up the lamp, "it's no use talkin' to you; the old man will have to die."

He turned and went out, closing and locking the door behind him.

Asa sunk back against the wall, his breast convulsed with the emotions of a new and terrible fear. He closed his eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision.

A slight noise arrested his attention. He bent his ear and listened. He could hear a faint sound like that which would be produced by something crawling upon the moldy floor. Of this there was no doubt; and a feeling akin to horror crept like an icy chill over him, when he discovered that the sound originated within his dungeon.

What was it—a serpent—some venomous reptile that had entered through a fissure in the wall? Was it some tool of the outlaws sent in by some secret way to assassinate him in the dark?

Asa asked himself these questions, then held his breath in horrible suspense and listened.

He could hear the thing coming closer and closer, like a serpent dragging along its slimy folds. He can now see two dim, glowing orbs of fire appear through the darkness before him. He sees them draw nearer and nearer.

He advanced. Then he lifted his face toward heaven and murmured a prayer. The face of Sampson could not have been more wondrous in its deep sublimity when he asked God for power to destroy the temple of his tormentors.

It was a human hand!

CHAPTER XIII.

ZELLA'S MISSISSY.

ASA SHERIDAN could bear the suspense no longer, and he spoke out:

"Who are you?—do you intend to murder me?"

"Sh! Golly, no, I don't," was the response, spoken in a low tone and the unmistakable accent of an African.

"Then what do you want here?"

"Want you, I guess," was the laconic reply.

"Who are you?"

"I's Sily, I is."

"I should think so; but Sily who?"

"Humph! jings, I don't know. Guess I's a little chunk cut out ob some dark night, for I's as black as dis room."

"I understand," said Sheridan; "you are a nigger; but how did you get in here?"

"Popped in when de robber went out. Oh, I can creep everywhere just like a weasel, and I know ebbery nook and corner ob dis ole wolfen, I do, and—"

Scratch went something across the wall, and the blue flame of a match told what it was. In a moment the light flared out, then the darkey touched the flame to the end of a tallow dip, in whose light Sheridan scanned his visitor.

He was a block out of the night, sure enough—black as ebony. He was bare-headed, and barefooted, and wore a suit which consisted of shirt and pants, that fitted his form almost as close as the sable hide. He was small, lithe and active as a cat. He could not have been over fifteen or sixteen years of age. His woolly hair was cut close to his head, and as he turned his great white eyes and double row of white, pearly teeth toward the prisoner, the latter could scarcely repress a smile at the serio-comical expression upon the dusky face of the boy, who peered up at him with a broad grin.

"Who told you to come here, Sily?" Asa asked.

"Dat'll tell you," the lad replied, handing him a slip of paper neatly folded.

Sheridan unfolded the mississ, upon which was written, in a fine, delicate hand, these words:

"Stranger, you can trust the bearer of this note.

He will guide you to a point of safety. Obey his injunctions in every particular, and all will end well. I tried to prevent you from bringing judgment upon me, but I failed. You are to go to the window of the 'judgment hall.' But you must not have seen me, or else you did not understand my signal. However, all may come out well."

he had another card to play yet—the game was not quite ended.

That night, a letter addressed to Lady Lansdowne was posted in the little post office of Monkswood. It was short, pithy, and anonymous:

"My Lady Lansdowne need be in no hurry home. His lordship is not at all long in her absence, as he has a younger and even prettier lady than his charming wife for company in the chancery office. The young person is Miss Betty Hazlewood, of Hazelwood. For some mysterious reason, has left the latter for the former residence. How long she is going to remain is also unknown—probably the ladyship may find out on your return—if both birds, in the man time, do not take unto themselves wings, and fly away."

A FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SILVER LINING.

How Eve passed that night she best knew. Lord Lansdowne did not, though he partly guessed, seeing the white face and sunken eyes across the breakfast-table next morning.

Worst of all, Senor Mendez and her only remaining friend now came not, though the morning was wearing away; and she stood straining her eyes, half wild with impatience, watching for his arrival. Noon came, and brought him not: the sultry afternoon stole on, and still he was absent. Oh! was he, too, turning against her! Was he, too, forgetting and deserting her, like the rest of the world? No, surely this was he at last. A fly had entered the gate, and was driving rapidly up the avenue. Eve started forward to meet it. Alas for her hopes! it was a fly from the railway-station, and held only a lot of trunks and a lady—the sad, haughty, handsome face of a lady she had seen before, and instinctively distrusted. It was Lady Lansdowne returned. Eve drew back with a low bow, but receded at the fierce bright glance she met from the lady's blue eyes—a glance that, had her looks been lightning, would have blasted her where she stood. The next moment she was gone, gathering up her silken skirt with her gloved fingers, as if she feared it might be contaminated by the slightest contact with the other.

"It never rains but it pours." Oh, trust of all true proverb! Eve stood and looked after her with a strained and bewildered air. What had she done now to incur that fiery glance? Long ago she had heard of the intense and unreasonable jealousy of Lady Lansdowne, but it never occurred to her now. "To the pure all things are pure." Eve thought of everything, but not of that; until at last roused, indignant and outraged, she turned into the house with a brightened color and flaming eye.

"I will leave this instant—I will stay no longer where I am not wanted! Let Senor Mendez go. He has forsaken me, like all the rest; but I will lie down on the roadside and die before I stay to be treated like this!"

She ran up-stairs, and was crossing the hall on her way to the room she occupied, when, through the half-open door of the library, she heard a loud and passionate voice pronouncing her name. Instinctively she stopped—I think the best of us would, in her place—and listened. The library was the room in which the lord of Black Monk's spent nearly all his time, but he was not the speaker. This raised angry voice was a woman's—was my lady's.

"I tell you I will speak!" she was passionately crying out, "and I will not lower my voice. Let the shameless creature hear, if she likes; such vile wretches care little what is said to them. But you, my lord, the saint, the paragon—I have found you out at last, have I? This is the way you pass the time when I am absent! I wish Miss Eve Hazelwood joy of her conquest!"

"Lady Lansdowne," the calm, low voice of her husband said, "have you gone mad? For Heaven's sake lower your voice, or you will have every servant in the house at the door in five minutes!"

"Let them come!" cried the excited lady, "I want nothing better than to expose the pair of you! You're the model husband, forsooth!—so kind, so indulgent, so faithful—the admiration of all the weak-minded female fools I know! But I have found you out in time, and I shall turn that miserable girl from the door in five minutes, and expose her to the whole country."

Lord Lansdowne rose from his seat and crossed the room to close the door, when the sight of Eve, standing there like a stone, made him start back as if he had seen a ghost. He turned scarlet for the woman who could not blush for herself.

"Miss Hazelwood, you here! Good heavens! you must have heard all!"

"I have, my lord," Eve said, her voice sounding even to herself strange and far off, "and I am going. I thank you most sincerely for your kindness, but I wish I had been dead before I ever came here!"

Lady Lansdowne came to the door, her shawl hanging off her shoulders, her bonnet still on, her face distorted by the storm of jealous fury into which she had lashed herself.

"Yes, go, you wretched girl, before I order my servants to turn you out, but do not think your infamy is to be concealed. No, I will expose—"

"Peace, woman!" her husband thundered. "Hold your poisonous tongue, or I will forget I am a man and—"

"Strike me!" screamed Lady Lansdowne, who seemed to be fairly beside herself. "I knew it would come to that. But I will expose you both, the whole county shall know of it; shall know I am a wronged, slandered, insulted wife!"

She finished with an hysterical peal of laughter that ended in a wild and noisy storm of tears. Eve fled horrified, and Lord Lansdowne seizing the bell, rung a peal that brought half a dozen curious servants to the spot from the False Faces in the daytime.

The office was closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Bartyne and Chester were home again by four. Their dinner-hour was six. Etta attended to that meal, and astonished the colored servant by her culinary skill.

"Her ladyship is not well! Attend to her!" was his order, and then he too was gone. Not in search of Eve, though—he had not moral courage enough for that, but to lock himself in his own room for the rest of the day, out of the reach of his wife's serpent-tongue.

And Eve, bareheaded and unshaven, as she had fled from Hazelwood, was flying now from Black Monk's. She did not fly far, however; the gate opened before she reached it, and a tall gentleman entered, and with a cry of joy she looked up into the kind eyes and friendly face of Senor Mendez.

"What's your hurry, Eve?" he said, stopping her. "running away again, eh?"

"Oh, let me go! let me go!" she cried, passionately. "I shall die if I stop here!"

"Die, will you? You look like it, I must say! What has happened?"

"Oh, do not ask me—it is too dreadful to tell! Only take me away from here!"

"Directly! Has Lady Lansdowne returned?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, she is ten times worse than Miss Forest!"

"Yes; I know she is! But what has she done to you? Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, his eyes firing and his face flushing, "Eve has surely turned you out!"

A passionate gesture was her answer—her voice was too choked to speak.

"My poor child! My poor persecuted little Eve!" he said, compassionately, "and what are you going to do now?"

She broke out into a wild cry—the wail of a half-broken heart.

"Oh, I don't know! I only want to lie down and die!"

A change came over Senor Mendez. He took both her hands in his, and looked brightly down in her face.

"Not yet, Eve! not yet! Not till you see the silver lining of all these clouds; as I promised you. You have been thinking hard of me, I know, for leaving you so long; but I could not help it. I have been up to London since, in search of another runaway—a friend of yours, Eve. It will all come right yet, believe me. Can you bear a shock, Eve?"

She looked at him in silent questioning; and met his reassuring smile.

"Eve, did you ever hear of Conway Hazelwood?"

"I have heard he was my father," she answered, her heart beginning to throb fast, "and that he was dead."

"Half true and half false! He is your father, and he is not dead! Eve, your father lives!"

"Oh, where?" she wildly cried, "where in all the world have I a father?"

He took off his sombrero and held open his arms.

"Here, Eve; here, beside you! When all the world forsakes you, it is time your father should come to the rescue. Yes, Eve; no longer the creole planter, no longer Senor Mendez, but Conway Hazelwood and your father!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

False Faces:

or,

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RAYMOND'S STORY.

FRANK RAY came to the house early the next morning. He was greatly surprised to hear what had taken place, and was very much excited over it.

They wondered over his agitation, but they were soon to know the cause of it.

"And so our friend Ossian was a woman?" he said.

"Doesn't it beat all?" answered Kate. "We never suspected her, not one of us."

This discussion took place in the parlor, and assembled there were Genni Bartyne, Etta, Kate, Chester Starke, and Frank Ray.

The surgeon had just departed from his morning's visit to Almira, and had reported her to be in a very favorable condition.

"This was a bold attempt on the part of the villains," said Ray, musingly. "They have left the city, and have traced them beyond the Harlem River, but the clue is lost there. They have a hiding-place somewhere in Morrisania. They must have come from there last night. They have had spies watching this house, that's evident. You must be more careful, sir, and not give them another chance to fire a shot at you," he added, earnestly.

"I'll try not to," answered Bartyne.

"I shall have this house strictly watched every night while you remain here, though they will hardly venture here again, knowing that we will be on the watch for them."

"They may think they have succeeded in their murderous attempt."

"Not they; or, if they did, the newspapers would speedily apprise them to the contrary. I think, however, that I can capture them before they can trouble you again."

"Would this mask afford you any clue?"

Ray looked at the mask, and the mysterious marks inside of it.

"There's nothing to lead to any thing in that," he said. "Such a mask can be purchased at any of the toy-shops, and the marks are merely the private ones of the retailer denoting its cost price. It was worn, probably, by the assassin to produce alarm, as such a hideous face, dimly seen through the darkness, might do; and it also served the purpose of a disguise. These scoundrels are of a very ingenious turn of mind, their devices are numerous. But I'll trap them yet. This very night I expect to surprise them in their retreat in Westchester county. I have got two comrades to aid me—two of the smartest on the force, and they are following up the tracks now. I have promised them a handsome reward if we are successful in your name, sir."

"I know it! Let them come!" cried the excited lady, "I want nothing better than to expose the pair of you! You're the model husband, forsooth!—so kind, so indulgent, so faithful—the admiration of all the weak-minded female fools I know! But I have found you out in time, and I shall turn that miserable girl from the door in five minutes, and expose her to the whole country."

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"Yes; I know she is! But what has she done to you? Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, his eyes firing and his face flushing, "Eve has surely turned you out!"

sufficiently repay them for what they have done for me."

Almira opened her eyes.

"You have done so, Peter, over and above," she answered, feebly, but quite distinctly.

Ossian would never be worth what he is now if we had not met you. He's satisfied and so am I."

Bartyne smiled.

"Not asleep, Almira," he said.

"No; I was kind of dozing when you came in, and the sound of your voice awoke me."

"You have slept well?"

"Yes; and I feel much stronger. I know I'm going to live now; when I thought I was dying I—"

She paused abruptly, and a scarlet flush swept over her pale face.

"You were as brave as could be, Almira," rejoined Bartyne, pretending not to understand her allusion.

She looked at him with a wistful curiosity.

"I don't exactly remember what I said then," she replied, slowly.

"Do you, Peter?"

"Really, I can't say; there was so much confusion about us," he answered, evasively.

He saw that she was in doubt whether he had betrayed the secret of her love for him or not.

She breathed a sigh of relief at his answer, for it made her think that she had not.

"The detective, Mr. Ray, has been here to-day, and he has every hope of capturing these assassins."

"He's a brave young man," replied Almira, and she smiled in a manner that perplexed Bartyne.

"I think so, too," he responded.

Bartyne stared at this.

"His father?" he exclaimed. "Do you know his father?"

"Oh, very well."

"That's odd! You never said anything about it before! Where did you ever meet his father?"

"Down in Pennsylvania."

"In Pennsylvania? When?"

"It's going on nigh to thirteen years now. And this young man looks something as his father looked then; only I don't think the young man is as good-looking as his father was at his age; but then the boy has led a rough kind of life, and that may have spoiled his beauty a little."

"He looks very much like father here," Etta said, joining in the conversation. "I thought so the first time I ever saw him."

"Like me?" ejaculated Bartyne, surprisedly.

